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HOUSEHOLD CROCKERY.

FINE IMITATION CUT GLASS, EXTRA HEAVY PURE CRYSTAL FRUIT BOWLS (EACH)..... 15c.
REGULAR PRICE. 48c.

REGULAR PRICE 38c.	
FINE IMITATION CUT GLASS LEMONADE SETS, 1/4 GAL. JUG, 8 GOBLETS AND SILVERINE TRAY (SET)	48c.
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PLAIN WHITE ENGLISH PORCELAIN SAUCE TURKEN AND STAND, EXTRA QUALITY (EACH).....	39c
PLAIN WHITE ENGLISH PORCELAIN CAKE PLATES, EXTRA QUALITY (EACH).....	12c

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS,
309 to 321 Grand St., N. Y.

ANARCHISTS BREAKING CAMP.

The Mellick-Goldman-Timmer

The reeling was at half mast in the Mellick-Goldman-Zimmerman Anarchistic nest at 340 Fifth street this morning. To-morrow

The most radical of rabid Anarchists must obey the mandates of a law they hate more than the fate of sinful man.

Michaelis & Sons, agents of the tenement at 349 Fifth street, have issued an edict that Emma Goldman and her subjects must pull up stakes and get out.

This morning the entire colony was engaged in pulling up the stakes.

The Anarchistic camp was on the rear of the ground floor. It was dirty. So were the inmates. But, never since Min Van Winkle

rubbed the moss off his eyes and brushed aside a foot or so of mother earth that had accumulated on his face and hands during his long sleep has there been so much terra firma on any one person as seemed to surround Mrs. Mollick as she opened the door of the apartment this morning and said - "Git out."

A cloud of dust like a Sahara sandstorm rushed through the door with the words. When at length the dust and Mrs. Mollick's wrath subsided the cause of the disturbance could be seen.

It was this—the Anarchists were breaking up house-keeping. A rug carpet, a bedstead, a table, a stove, a cradle, a baby carriage and a baby were piled up together, and from out the mass came mingled infant's screams, the odor of unwashed furniture and the accumulated stink of mouths. Back of it all was the voice of Emma Goldman reviling law and order and work.

"I have nothing to say," she screamed, as she threw a pile of Anarchistic literature in the baby carriage.

"Moving, are you?" the reporter asked.

"Well, d'ye think we're don't this for ex-

else?" was the answer, as Emma wiped the perspiration from her dimpled chin and rose, cheeks with her dust-covered hand.

"Where are you going?"

"Fifth Avenue; where I did you suppose we're for a concert among the 'hott' cats, and I guess we're a right to use it, haint we, even if we don't stand in with the police and capitalist press?"

"Donner, blitzen, bomben und grenaden," interrupted a voice mingled with the crash of a thousand falling pieces of stove pipe. A

Mrs. Walsh, the housekeeper of the tenant, said she did not know where the Anarchists were going. She added that the neighbors were very glad to get rid of the unwashed crowd and sympathy would be extended to the people in whatever community they move into.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

WICHITA, Kan., Aug. 4.—A cattle man from Arkansas City says trouble is expected there between cowboys and farmers. Reece Hatch, in charge of the Pratt to County (Tex.) Ranch, is shipping several train loads of stock a day to Chicago from Arkansas City. Last night a large number of these cattle broke away and spread over the Kansas corn fields.

Some forty farmers of the vicinity attacked themselves and notified the cowboys that

every animal found trespassing on their premises would be shot. The cattlemen in return promised that for every animal killed a Kiowa farmer would be paid the usual. The farmers are said to be patrolling the border.

U. P. Telegraphers to Strike.
(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

DENVER, Col., Aug. 4.—It is rumored that there is to be a strike of the Order of Railway Telegraphers on the Union Pacific road. Grand Chief Telegrapher Ramsay is at Omaha in conference with Assistant General Manager Blackhawk, who wishes to conciliate the

Trotting Stallion Alerton Lamed
(BY ASSOCIATE FEEDS.)
DAVENPORT, Ia., Aug. 4.—The great stallion Alerton, has gone lame, and it will be a long time before he races again. Yesterday, in his race with Lobasco, he was pulled up in the fourth heat, the tendons in his right hind leg being badly strained.

Nell Nelson tells about the women who carry mortar for Nuremberg masons. See the SUNDAY WORLD.